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edness is an essential thing. If you would remain a leader, you must have the gift of exclusiveness; you must know when to say no. One conspicuous leader in New York society has scarcely any other talent than this; but it has kept her *salon* very select. Others, taking a more catholic view of the subject, consider society as many-sided, and prefer a number of different representative people to the representation of one set. Some houses are always agreeable and fashionable; others are fashionable and not agreeable. The fashion of New York has changed its front half-a-dozen times in twenty years, and has, perhaps, not improved. Twenty years ago, two ladies ruled it by universal suffrage. They ruled tyrannically, but well. They kept out many who were deserving of admission, but they also kept out many who were not deserving. The city grew too large for them, and they gracefully resigned the scepter they could no longer wield. I think it has been a loss; for anything is better than no head. "Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die!"

Then came a curious medley; then another partial sovereignty; then anarchy; then a settling down; now a republic, tempered by an occasional assassination of some presuming snob; but, generally speaking, a rather more good-natured and easy rule.

It is not so difficult as it once was for a new person to achieve a fashionable position in New York. The question still remains—is it worth as much as of old?

THE CATHEDRAL AT RATISBON.

AMONG all the towns of South Germany there is, with the exception of Nuremberg, perhaps no one so crowded with monuments of mediæval history and art—no one about which cluster such pregnant associations as the quaint old city of Ratisbon. Like Florence, its streets still show the massive towers which in the early middle age formed the fortresses of its citizen nobility; and its museums and public buildings are rich in mementos of great men and great events long past. Travelers still smile with malicious interest at the sight of the "Golden Cross," the scene of a wayside intrigue of Charles V., which gave to the world the famous soldier and diplomat Don John of Austria. In the Public Garden a memorial temple tells that here lies the father of modern astronomy, John Kepler. Coming down to more modern times, we have in the old Council House the seat and the memento of the Diet of the Empire, which met here from the middle of the seventeenth century to the opening years of our own. And the curious tourist who cares nothing for historical details or dates, still lingers a day at Ratisbon for a hasty excursion in the neighborhood to the great temple of art and history—the Walhalla—or for a glimpse at the marbles and bas reliefs which adorn the handsome riding-school of the Prince of Thurn and Taxis.

But of all the monuments of the city none can compare in splendor and importance with the noble Cathedral, one of the most superb remains of German mediæval art and religious devotion. Three buildings on the same spot perished by fire before the present minster was founded, in 1275, by Bishop Leo of Thundorf. Slowly, from century to century, for nearly six hundred years, the beautiful building grew to nearly its present form; and in the name of the Moritzers, the most famous of its early architects, we have an interesting association with the companion cathedrals of St. Lawrence, at Nuremberg, and St. Stephen, at Vienna.

Early in the present century that reverent but enterprising spirit—a mingling of religious with artistic enthusiasm—which has set on foot such a general restoration of the noble remains of the old Teutonic glory throughout Germany, was earnestly directed to Ratisbon Cathedral. Some slight restorations of the interior were undertaken in 1836 under King Louis I. of Bavaria; but the erroneous estimates of the architects at that time prevented any attempt to complete the magnificent towers, for which the foundations of the building were thought insufficient. Later examination having removed this prejudice, the restoration was commenced in 1860, King Maximilian himself laying the corner stone; while the art-loving old King Louis I., the creator of Munich as it now stands—contributed 20,000 florins yearly from his private purse, and all

sects and classes united eagerly in promoting a work of such national and artistic moment. Under the skillful, yet thrifty management of the architect, Denzinger, and at an expense of some 400,000 florins, the towers have been carried up from a height of about 150 feet to their present graceful and perfect altitude of over 360 feet. The church itself is 286 feet in length and 118 in breadth, and contains, among the other rare and curious things which crowd its aisles and chapels, a bronze monument by Peter Vischer, the wonderful old artist-workman, whose masterpieces are a chief glory of Nuremberg. With further contributions, the Cathedral will be repaired and completed in its minutest detail—still to stand, let us hope, for many centuries—one more colossal harmony of "frozen music"—a lesson and a joy to coming generations.

FREDERICK S. WINSTON.

FREDERICK S. WINSTON was born in Utica, N. Y., on the 14th of October, 1806. He came to New York city in 1826, engaged in mercantile pursuits, and is now sixty-five years of age. Being a man of abstemious and correct habits, he is in robust health, and apparently good for many more years of active life.



FREDERICK S. WINSTON.

As President of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York his reputation is world-wide. He has been a member of the Board of Trustees since 1846, and in June 1853, was first elected president of the company, to which position he has since been annually elected by the unanimous vote of the Board. During his presidency he has labored untiringly to build up and establish upon an enduring basis the institution with which his name is so intimately associated. Its wonderful growth and solidity are largely due to his indomitable energy, perseverance, good judgment and devotion.

In 1853 the assets of the company were only two millions, but under his administration have been increased to forty-five million dollars.

Mr. Winston does everything he undertakes so thoroughly that he supervises every department of the business of this great corporation, even to the smallest details.

He is naturally conservative, and his views are eminently sound and safe. He has a massive head, well set on broad shoulders. He is large-hearted, generous and charitable to opponents. His decisions, always prompt, are characterized by wisdom, forethought and discretion.

As an executive officer and financier he probably has few superiors. He has placed the ineffaceable imprint of his character on American Life Insurance and the lessons taught by what he has accomplished will be heeded long after he has passed away.

STATUE OF GOETHE.

IN May, 1868, King Louis II., of Bavaria commissioned Professor Max Widmann to model a statue of Goethe for one of the public squares in Munich. The royal originator of the plan had decided that the Prince of Poets should be represented in classic costume, and holding in the left hand a lyre. No choice, therefore, was left the artist but to adopt this conception for his delineation of the poet in the very crisis of creative inspiration. In the execution of this statue he derived valuable aid from the excellent bust of Goethe by the Swiss artist, Alexander Trippel, to whom the poet had repeatedly sat during his second visit in Rome. "My bust turns out admirable," writes Goethe, on the 12th of September, 1787; "every one is heartily pleased with it. The style is certainly beautiful and noble, and I shall be perfectly content if the world should continue to think that I looked just so in life."

Certainly, among all busts of Goethe, this one sets in the clearest light and with the greatest truth and life of representation the genius of the poet, and copies of it are in process of execution in the grand ducal library at Weimar. Professor Widmann has performed his task with an artist's love, and given us an admirable ideal portrait of our great author; though, undeniably, a large class of our contemporaries might have preferred to see him in costume more in accordance with modern ideas and sentiment.

The bronze was set on its pedestal on Goethe's birthday, August 28, and stands an everlasting monument to the taste and liberality of the monarch to whom it owes its origin.

ITALIAN ART.

From Henri Taine's "Italy."

ALL Italian art turns upon this idea, namely, the resuscitation of the naked figure; the rest is simply preparation, development, variety, alteration, or decline. Some, like the Venetians, display its grandeur and freedom of movement, its magnificence and voluptuousness; others, like Correggio, its exquisite sweetness and grace; others, like the Bolognese, its dramatic interest; others, like Caravaggio, its coarse, striking reality; all, in short, caring for nothing beyond the truthfulness, grace, action, voluptuousness and magnificence of a fine form, naked or draped, raising an arm or a leg. If groups exist, it is to complete this idea, to oppose one form to another, to balance one sensation by a similar one. When landscape comes, it simply serves as a background and accessory, and is as subordinate as moral expression on the countenance or historical accuracy in the subject. The question is, do you feel interested in expanded muscles moving a shoulder and throwing back the body bow-like on the opposite thigh? It is within this limited circle that the imagination of the great artists of that day wrought, and in the center of it you find Raphael.

This becomes still more apparent on reading their lives by Vasari. The artists of that period are mechanics and manufacturers employing apprentices. A pupil does not pass through college and fill his mind with literature and general ideas, but goes at once into a studio and works. Some character, naked or draped, is the form into which all his sentiments are cast. Raphael's education was like that of other artists. Vasari cites his youthful performances, which are nothing but Madonnas, always Madonnas. His master, Perugino, was a saint manufacturer; he might have displayed this title on a signboard. Even his own saints are plain altar saints, poorly emancipated from the consecrated *pose*: they display but little animation, and when in groups of three or four each appears as if alone. They are objects of devotion quite as much as works of art; people kneel before them and implore their favor; they are not yet exclusively painted to please the eye. Raphael is to pass years in this school, studying the position of an arm, the folds of stuffs of gold, and a tranquil meditative countenance, before he goes to Florence to contemplate forms of greater amplitude and greater freedom of action. Such a culture as this is to concentrate all his faculties on one point; he is to think through forms as we think through phrases.